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ONE PENNY
No. 129 Vol. III.

ONE PENNY
May 3, 1878.

CITY JACKDAW



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Mr. VICKERS, Custom House Chambers, Lower Thames Street.

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18, Downs Park Road, Dalston, Nov. 9th, 1877.
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Beadle of the Royal Exchange, London.

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4

THE CITY JACKDAW.

MAY 3, 1871

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Is a concentrated Mouth Wash, 10 to 20 drops of which, with half a wine glassful of water, used daily, constitutes a most efficacious means for preserving the Teeth from decay—for arresting decay where it has commenced—for purifying the Breath, and for producing in the Mouth a sense of wholesome freshness. Used habitually, Contra-Septine is a sure preventative of Neuralgia and Toothache, and as such should be employed both by old and young. In short, Contra-Septine is at once a luxury and a necessity to the completely furnished Toilet Table.

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L. SMITH & CO. have just Purchased a Large Lot of these Articles at very Low Prices, and are Offering them at 2/-, 3/-, 4/-, 6/-, 7/-, 8/-, 12/-, 14/-, & 30/- per pair.—6, JOHN DALTON STREET, MANCHESTER.

THE CITY JACKDAW:

A Humorous and Satirical Journal.

VOL. III.—No. 129.

MANCHESTER: FRIDAY, MAY 3, 1878.

[PRICE ONE PENNY.]

LET TORIES TREMBLE.

If nations were governed by demonstrations of popular opinion, we might expect a very important change in the policy of the English Ministry as the result of the Liberal conference and meeting in the Free Trade Hall on Tuesday. We probably should not be exaggerating in calling the evening meeting one of the most important ever held in the building, both on account of its numbers and of its representative character. And its importance is enhanced by the very fact upon which, in default of anything better, the Jingo party seize for the purpose of using it to depreciate the value of the demonstration. We are sincerely told that it was a ticket meeting, to which only the friends of one side were admitted. Precisely so. The meeting was held expressly for the purpose of bringing persons holding the same views together, and, as we have said, the fact that all these persons were admitted by ticket made the affair far more important than it would otherwise have been, for this reason, that the issue of tickets ensures, as completely as can be done under the circumstances, that those to whom they are given shall be persons of some position, able to give effect by their votes to the opinions which they endorse at the meeting. If at a gathering of this kind the doors of the hall are thrown open to anyone who chooses to enter, we may reckon with some certainty that a large portion of the audience will be composed of idlers and loafers, none of whom have a chance of getting admission when tickets are required. It is not easy to estimate how many people were present in the Free Trade Hall on Tuesday night, for nobody seems to have a very accurate idea as to the number the place holds. But if we add the audience of 6,000, it may fairly be said that at least 5,000 of them were persons who, from their appearance, one would judge to possess the franchise, and in addition to that, about 1,200 or 1,500 of these represented, as delegates to the conference, probably scores, even hundreds of thousands more. In the hall itself, then, there was what, in the South of England, would be called a very large constituency, and this fact is quite a sufficient answer to the critics who, driven to their wit's end to find a pretext for detracting from the significance of the meeting, have been obliged to insist on the fact of the admission being by ticket. However, leaving these literary spiders to spin their sophistical webs amidst the pitying criticism of those who watch their abortive efforts to escape the logical noose, we may turn for a moment to the meeting itself. We say that the Liberal party in promoting this memorable demonstration in favour of peace has deserved the eternal gratitude of the country. We say unhesitatingly that the policy which such a meeting as this so emphatically condemned must be a wrong policy, that the steps which such a meeting repudiates must constitute a crime, of which the disaster of the result can only be equalled by the iniquity of the conception. No man, not even Mr. Gathorne Jingo Hardy himself, could look at that enormous meeting without feeling, though he might not have the honesty to acknowledge it, that these indeed were the true representatives of the people of this country, and not the promiscuous, tatterdemalion, and frequently drunken mob which at Pomona and in Albert Square agree to resolutions which they cannot hear, proposed by speakers whom they do not understand. Any Government which would deliberately go into war in spite of the opposition of such meetings as these must be held guilty of the last crime which statesmen can commit—that of assassinating the conscience of a nation, and merits subjection to the last penalty a nation can inflict—that of devotion to immortal infamy. It is possible that we may still go to war. It is too probable that neither the stern logic of facts, nor the appeal of humanity, nor the dread of retribution, nor the warnings of the Eternal Voice, will have any effect on the minister and the obsequious dummies who form his Cabinet. But it does come to the worst, if this country is to be dragged

into a war than which there would be none on record more absolutely villainous, the Radical party will at least have the consolation that it did what it could to prevent such a consummation, and the nation may begin to ask itself ominous questions—questions at the thought of which the Tories may well tremble. Victoria and Beaconsfield may, as we have said, succeed in their object, but it may be at a cost which few men will like to calculate, and that is the cost of Revolution. The mere mention of the word is terrible enough; but the thing itself is worse. If the present Queen and the present Premier plunge us into this wanton and wicked war, the former may lose her crown and the latter may lose his head.

IMPORTANT INTELLIGENCE.

OUR daily contemporaries are rather hard up at present—scarce of advertisements because trade is intolerably dull, scarce of news because Parliament isn't sitting. Still, in a general way they manage to fill their columns without condescending to chronicle all kinds of small beer. But, as showing to what straits sub-editors of daily papers are sometimes reduced, one of them in Manchester actually used the following paragraph a few days ago:—

"Yesterday morning a fine horned milch cow, which had been landed some little time previously from one of the Cork steamers, was being driven along London Road towards the Stanley Station, Liverpool, its destination being Penrith, when it was frightened by something and at once turned round, ran down the street, and went into Lime Street, people scattering right and left to avoid coming into contact with the infuriated animal. Without abating its speed it went along Elliott Street and part of Great Charlotte Street, going into the yard of Messrs. Lucas's Horse Repository in the latter thoroughfare. It remained there a few seconds, and then coming out ran along Great Charlotte Street and Ranelagh Street back to Lime Street. In Lime Street it knocked down two women, who, fortunately, were more frightened than hurt. This collision caused the cow to swerve again, and it then rushed into the entrance to Allsopp's waxwork exhibition, beneath St. James's Hall, and, knocking down one of the classic figures which are placed there, smashed it to pieces. The animal advanced towards the money-taker's box, the occupant of which—a woman—fled into the interior of the building. Its career stopped here, and when it became bewildered several men threw a sack over its head, secured it with ropes, and putting it into a cart took it to Stanley."

No doubt, this faithful and true account of this wild cow's adventures was just the sort of thing to suit the tastes of the readers of the paper in question; but, surely, the interesting and important events herein recorded might have been set forth in choicer terms and more correct phraseology. However, what have wild cows and weak penny-a-liners got to do with grammar?

THE BRITISH TORY RAMPANT.

BING a constant reader of the *Courier*, and being in the habit, moreover, of reading the paper right through, from title to imprint, the following attracted my attention on Tuesday morning:—

BRITONS! ATTEND the ANTI-RUSSIAN MEETING,
in ALBERT SQUARE, TO-NIGHT, at 7-30.

Of course, I attended the meeting, for—it is a fact—I am a Briton. Another reason why I went to Albert Square was because I could not get a ticket for the Free Trade Hall. Well, the spouting was of the usual sort, confidence was expressed in the Government, "Rule Britannia"—or as much of it as Tories can be expected to know—was sung, and the proceedings were brought to an abrupt finish by the great bells of the Town Hall being rung at eight o'clock. For some short time the orators pitted themselves against the bells, but—the bells got the best of it.

NOTHAM'S WORM CAKES (Manufactury, Levenshulme.) are universally admitted to be the best and most palatable, and the only preparation to be relied on either for children or adults. Id. each—7 for 6d.—and 1s. canisters—of all Chemists throughout the world.

THE LEGEND OF BLIGGER THE SCOURGE.

[BY FIGARO JUNIOR.]

QVER the valley of Neckarsteinach, commanding the ancient town,
Which nestles below as if afraid of regarding its sombre frown,
Stands a grey ruin, that ages ago was built on the mountain rock,
And bears the marks of the tempest's rage, the scars of the battle's shock.
Silent and stern it rears its front, with a look of desolate pride,
Gloomily braving the victor Time, nor turning his blows aside.
Never a human step is heard in the castle's crumbling walls;
Never a human voice resounds in the weird and roofless halls;
Never a flower puts forth a bud, nor a bird doth build her nest;
Never a happy, joyous life doth there become a guest.
Even the ivy will not grow to curtain the naked stones;
Even the grass will never sprout to cover the dead men's bones.
Only the deadly night-shade springs, and the hemlock's poison root,
And, save for the shrieking midnight bat, all living things are mute.
But the people who dwell in the town below, assert that every night
The ancient towers are all illumined with a strange, unearthly light;
And the courtyard fills with a demon crowd, who chant infernal hymns,
Before a giant human form with mail-encased limbs,
Who stalks with gesture fierce and wild around the crumbling wall,
And curses earth and air and sky and God and mankind all.
A human form it is, indeed, but not of substance, too;
A phantom this whose wants are served by all the demon crew.
His name to men a terror still—Bligger, surnamed the Scourge!—
Condemned in everlasting pain his awful sin to purge.

Six centuries ago when Allemaine's lord,
Was Rudolph of the double-handed sword,
The fierce wild burgrave of the castled Rhine,
Who lived for naught but fighting, love, and wine,
With ruthless force and unrelenting hand,
Wasted the fair and fruitful Rhenish land,
And one amongst them towered above the rest,
His strength and courage everywhere confessed.
Bligger, the tyrant of the Neckar vale,
Called by the stricken peasantry the Flail.
From Heilbronn up to Heidelberg his sway
O'er all the valley undisputed lay;
No traveller o'er could pass along the road,
But Bligger soon relieved him of his load,
He seized the peasant's harvest and his kine,
All, said he, by the law of force, is mine;
No maid was ever safe, nor any wife,
And no man ever certain of his life,
For nearly every spot where Bligger trod
Soaked up some victim's unoffending blood;
His mail-clad horde would sally out at night,
And soon the glaring of a lurid light
Showed that some hamlet had been set on fire,
And that men's beds were made their funeral pyre.
No other burgrave dared dispute his power,
Nor show him in the valley for an hour,
For Bligger's men were full five hundred strong,
And fought like demons to maintain a wrong.
His castle perched upon the mountain crest,
Had well received the name of Swallow's Nest.
For the redoubtable and massive keep
Was reached but by one pathway up the steep,
And Bligger often made the truthful boast
That twenty men could hold it 'gainst a host.

One morning Bligger's men came in and said,
"A messenger arrives, from Frankfort sped,
To give you summons that you should repair
To answer to the Diet sitting theron
For certain acts of violence and crime
Committed by you in this recent time."
And Bligger held his sides and laughed amain,
And the men they, too, laughed, and laughed again,
Till Bligger said, "Pshaw, hang him at the gate,
And send the Diet notice of his fate."

Another morning in they came and said,
"A herald now arrives, from Frankfort sped,
His mission to proclaim you outlawed man,
Under the Holy Empire's fearful ban;
And to announce that he may take your life
Who cares to arm him with assassin's knife."
Then Bligger laughed more loudly, and replied,
"I thought my cousin Rudolph would have tried
Some better means than this. I am no child
By such a silly tale to be beguiled;
Just take the messenger and crop his ears,
And send him back to testify my fears;
And let him say to Rudolph that my sword
Acknowledges than me no other lord."

And yet another morning in they came,
And he inquired, "Well, is the news the same
As that you lately brought me?" And they said,
"This time there is some difference. On your head
A price is set. The League of Hundred Towns,
Called Hanseatic, vote ten thousand crowns
To him who captures you alive. And more,
They now against you do declare a war
And send of troops thousand chosen men
To track the lion to his rocky den."
Then Bligger summoned all his armed array
Of mail-clad warriors eager for affray.
Five hundred strong assembled in the court,
Stalwart of limb and warlike in their port;
And Bligger said, "The Hanseatic League
Have been induced by terror or intrigue
To send an army hither and proclaim
A price upon my head." With one acclaim
They shouted "Let them come. Be not afraid;
If Rudolph comes as well we'll singe his beard."
Then Bligger answered, "Now I am content,
Let no man tire while blood is to be spent."

At break of day the army came in sight,
And all prepared them for the coming fight.
The troops essayed to climb the mountain steep,
And one by one were hurled back to the deep,
And then descended Bligger with his flail,
To recommence the battle in the vale.
Till set of sun was heard the din of war,
And all the mountain streams were red with gore
Until the darkness closed upon the view,
And then the remnant of the troops withdrew—
A thousand came from Frankfort-on-the-Main,
A hundred only travelled back again.

And still another morning in they came,
And Bligger said, "What word have ye to name?"
They made reply, "A shaven priest doth wait
Outside the threshold of the postern gate;
He seeks an audience with you, and will tell
His business to none other." "It is well,"
Quoth Bligger; "show him in, I have not seen
A priest for many a year, and he, I ween,
Will make us some amusement." So the priest
Came in with solemn step, and each one ceased
His idle talk to hear what he did say,
Then Bligger said, "Now goodman priest, I pray,
Unfold the purpose of your visit here,
Come you that you may take of our good cheer,
Or do you seek for business?" He replied:
"I come on business." Thinking to deride
The holy man, then Bligger said, "I trust
That you may find it, but as host I must
Inform that we here dispense with forms
Of marriages and christenings. These reforms
Here long ago effected." When he ceased,
A laugh went round the circle, but the priest
Made an impudent gesture, and he said:

G. L. DARBY,Practical Umbrella Manufacturer, 55, Oxford Street, and 6, Stretford Road. Umbrellas Re-covered. Umbrellas Repaired.
Umbrellas Made to Order. All work done on our own Premises, at the shortest notice, by Practical Workpeople.

"I have not come to christen or to wed :
My business is to summon you again
To come before the Diet, under pain
Of excommunication." In tempestuous wrath,
Then Bligger answered : " Think not that your cloth
Shall e'er protect your insolence. Away,
Or you shall feed the crows ere set of day."
But the priest all undaunted made reply,
" Your savage menaces I do defy,
And in the name of Gregory the Pope,
I cast you off from every future hope
Until you do repent." Then he the curse
With bell and book and candle did rehearse
On Bligger and the castle, and on all
That should remain within the circling wall.
And Bligger ordered, mad with rage and hate,
That they should hang the priest outside the gate,
And gat him to his chamber. But the men
Were struck with fear and trembling, so that when
Bligger had gone they let the priest depart,
And in the night they counsel took apart,
And walled up both the gates, and left the place
Now full of ghastly things they dared not face.

And Bligger, when he rose the after morn,
Perceived that they had left him all forlorn,
And had closed up the gates. But though he might
Full easily have also taken flight,
He seemed to feel at last his time was near,
Though he was stubborn still, and would not fear,
And all the day, till nature sank to rest,
He paced the court, his head upon his breast.
Thus he stalked on, nor kept a moment still,
But as the sun o'er Neckargemund's hill
Vanished into the shadows of the night,
Leaving a sinister and lurid light,
The haughty burgrave proudly raised his head,
And fell full length upon the pavement—dead.

CURIOS COINCIDENCE.

MARVELLOUS events are happening in our days, dull as some stupid people say they are. Taking up my *Guardian* on Monday I read as follows:—"The Seventh Annual Conference of the Lancashire Union of Conservative Associations was held on Saturday, in the Town Hall, Bury. Mr. J. Croston, chairman of the committee, presided, in the absence of the president, Mr. Hugh Birley, M.P., who, as a member of the Royal Commission, is in attendance upon the Prince of Wales at the Paris Exhibition." Then followed two columns reporting what the Tory orators had got to say. Next came half a column relating to the Chetham Hospital Blue Coat School. The report opened out in this formidable fashion:—"An interesting gathering took place at the Chetham Hospital on Saturday afternoon, on the occasion of the opening of the new school-house, for the Blue Coat boys." Further on I read:—"The opening ceremony was held in the new schoolroom. Mr. Hugh Birley presided, and said that no event had occurred since the Hospital was founded of such moment as that which they were then celebrating." What the Jackdaw has to do is to point out that, according to this, Mr. Hugh Birley, M.P., was clearly in two places at one and the same time. What the *Guardian* has to do is to show how Mr. Birley performed the clever feat in question.

FOREWARNED.

FEED by your wife, the papers teach
The public when and where you preach,
And, praising your performance, each
Exhorts us to go there;
And these announcements are most kind,
And very useful; for I find
The public, with one heart and mind,
Resolves to go — elsewhere.

HINTS ON MAKING POETRY.

[BY ONE OF OUR OWN POETS.]

S TART, when you are altogether hard up for a workable subject, with the idea that all things are unsatisfactory? This has been the unwritten axiom of many poets from Solomon down to Byron. In order that you may carry out these instructions properly, it is advisable to sit down to write when you have indigestion, or there is an east wind blowing, or you have corns, or your mother-in-law is in the house, or when the seventh baby has got the stomach-ache, or when you have been jilted by her whom you adored. There are, in fact, a thousand occasions which may easily be seized on, and made to bring home to the poet the emptiness of life. Solomon was nearly always out of sorts, or he would never have preached the vanity doctrine to the extent which he did. He must have had, for one thing, on a moderate computation, as many as seven or eight hundred mothers-in-law! Can anyone wonder, after receiving this novel suggestion in all its aspects, that he should have laid so much stress on the " vexation of spirit " which he tacked on the vanity of life? In this way I think I have suggested to the poet a desirable vein of thought which may carry him well through a few gloomy stanzas. Let the aspirant begin:—

PHILOSOPHY.

All that glitters is not gold.

This is a commonplace commencement, but something may come of it. Remembering some former instructions of mine the poet boldly develops his idea:—

PHILOSOPHY.

All that glitters is not gold,

All is not gold that glitters;

Bitters as sweets are often sold,

And sweets are bought for bitters.

I do not, at present, take exception to these remarks, because they will do well enough, and I have found that in the nature of poetry the public are not particular. The stanza must now be completed, and, for convenience sake, it will be as well to give the whole of it:—

PHILOSOPHY.

All that glitters is not gold,

All is not gold that glitters;

Bitters as sweets are often sold,

And sweets are bought for bitters.

Only the more convinced I am,

As the years roll swiftly o'er me,

Time is a nuisance, life a span,

There is nought but woe before me.

Now I can guess pretty well at this man's complaint, as I have been through it all myself—he has got corns. Perhaps the next stanza will throw a fresh light on the matter:—

Hate turns to love and love to hate—

The daintiest tones to surly;

The early bird is oft too late,

And the late bird oft too early.

My theory about the corns is rudely overthrown. It is evident that this man's wife or mother-in-law, or perhaps both, are in the habit of sitting up for him. He completes the stanza thus:—

Oh, that a hollow world should be

Theme for a gifted Poet!

Sad is the thought—it occurs to me—

Here the poet breaks down lamentably, and I suggest "go it!" as a suitable and encouraging rhyme for "poet," upon which he "goes it" accordingly in the last stanza, leaving that verse to be constructed afterwards:—

Life is a burden, time a bore—

Oh what a phantom man is!

But years three score and ten years more

I am glad that his longest span is.

Still, if a man will only strive,

He may from the years in question

Find in a—

Here comes another break down, and much pen-gnawing and hair-tugging. Having been through it all myself, I came to the poet's assistance. It is now perfectly clear what is the matter with him, and the two lines are completed as follows:—

Excuse me I've

A touch of the indigestion.

The poet demurs, but I leave him at it; and I do not think he will do any better.



Persons who wish to see the *City Jackdaw* regularly are respectfully recommended to order it of their Newsagent, otherwise, they may be, and often are, disappointed in not being able to obtain copies. Or, it will be sent by post from the Publishing Office, 51, Spear Street, Manchester, every week for half-a-year on payment of 3s. 3d. in advance, being posted in time for delivery at any address each Friday morning.

WHAT FOLKS ARE SAYING.

THAT the letters of "Verax" on "The Crown and the Cabinet" mark make a distinct era in Constitutional history.

That the price of the pamphlet was only six pennies.

That, nevertheless, the pamphlet has been reviewed in almost every newspaper and magazine of note in the country.

That this is something quite unique in the history of English literature.

That "Verax" said the Crown wished to make itself greater than the Country.

That most of the reviewers agree with him, and contend that such Conservative presumptions cannot be tolerated.

That the Queen, again telegraphing to the *Jackdaw*, once more desires to know who "Verax" is.

That, loyal as we are, we respectfully decline to supply the information asked for.

That the article in last week's *Jackdaw*, entitled "It is to be war," has been reprinted and circulated in millions by the Carlton Club and Conservatives generally.

That the *Jackdaw* is to be arraigned on the charge of high treason for arguing that the Queen and the Premier seem anxious to drag England into war.

That we are quite prepared to stand by all we have said.

That, if we are locked up, or even hanged, well and good, so long as British Interests remain intact.

That the movement for enlisting Volunteers for foreign service is proving a tremendous success.

That Major O'Shea, of Manchester, is one of the promoters.

That this partly—we might say principally—accounts for the glorious triumph which has been achieved.

That some two hundred Jingoes have already signified their willingness to die in foreign parts.

That, nevertheless, they won't be forthcoming when the tug of war really comes.

That the Tories would make a nice mess of it on the field of battle without the Liberals.

That both Victoria and Beaconsfield know this, and, therefore, they have hesitated so long to go to war.

That they hope the Liberals may be humbugged or cajoled over to their side.

TO SMOKERS: { Mounted Briars, Meerschaums, Cigar Cases, Tobacco Pouches, Cigarettes, and Smokers' Requisites of every description.

That, if the present generation of Liberals are anything like what their fathers were, both Victoria and Beaconsfield will find out their mistake.

That the Queen wishes the *Jackdaw* to say whether she would be likely to be dethroned in the event of her going to war with Russia.

That—decided as our views are on the subject—we decline to answer the question.

That we may be able to record the result some months hence.

That the great Liberal meeting in the Free Trade Hall on Tuesday evening has completely terrified the Tories.

That the Tory turn-out in Albert Square was a lark.

That neither Maclure nor Major O'Shea was present.

That the Town Hall bells were more eloquent than the Conservators.

That, at least, the bells silenced the orators.

That the Tories say the whole thing was a deep, dark plot on the part of the ex-Mayor (Mr. Alderman Heywood).

That perhaps they are right—and perhaps not.

That, nevertheless, the bells are rung every Tuesday night at eight o'clock.

That—if the truth is to be told—the bells were rung on the occasion in question by Mr. J. W. Maclure, Mr. Blatherwick, Mr. Croston, Mr. Stutter, Major O'Shea, Mr. W. W. Goulden, Mr. Bully Dyson, and the editor of the *Courier*.

ODE TO MY PIPE.

[BY A. SILLIMAN, ESQ.]

J'VE often heard that friends must part,
But could not comprehend, I vow,
The reason it should touch the heart,
At length I understand it now.
My faithful pipe, to me so dear,
I have a duty to fulfil,
Thou hast a rival much to fear,
For now tobacco's dearer still.

I cannot, and do not intend
To yield to such a foul decree,
Nor shall my purse assistance lend,
Hence I'm resolved to banish thee.
These dreadful laws will ne'er abate,
It puts me in a fearful "wax;"
When Tories "tax" at such a "rate,"
It makes one "rate" at such a "tax."

Once, I was wont, and lately too,
To smoke thee in luxurious ease;
I wish I could those times renew,
And still have thee to charm and please.
But no, I'll not, I'll shun the weed,
Abandon every kind of "cut;"
My confidence has been abused—
The Briton's pipe is now a butt.

Tobacco is in constant use,
And so, no doubt, will ever be,
And, knowing this, the very deuce,
They taxed it with impunity.
My pipe, alas, thou faithful friend,
Thy day for me is ever past,
And pleasure's reign is at an end—
My smoking was too bright to last.

So fare thee well, thou gallant pipe,
Thy virtues are beyond all praise,
And nothing shall obliterate
The memory of other days.
Though to forsake thee I decide,
Think not that I deride thy fire;
I feel a *thorn* within my side
At losing thee—my cherished briar!

THOSE who enjoy life, alias health, will be glad to hear that the "L. P. P." (that is, the Leicestershire Pork Pie) has proved a great success. In consequence of the large demand, Messrs. Viccars, Collyer, and Dunmore, the makers, have been obliged to remove their manufactory to larger premises in Sussex Street, Leicester.

WITHECOMB, 32 VICTORIA-ST., & 66, MARKET-ST.

A TORY FIELD DAY.

A "BIG MESS" of political thunder visited Bury on Saturday, and the Liberal party was knocked into a cocked hat. In other words, the town which is so famous for its simnels was honoured by the holding there of the seventh annual conference of the Lancashire Union of Conservative and Constitutional Associations, and everybody knows that the yearly assembling of that notorious body means a terrible castigation of the politicians who are not of the same kidney. Seventy delegates were present—a "large" attendance, according to the veracity-loving *Courier*—and the presiding genius was no less a personage than James Croston, Esq., J.P., F.S.A., F.R.H.S. The conference programme announced this distinguished gentleman with the foregoing adjunctive flourish, and, seeing that the organ of his party has neglected to give him more than his patronymic due, we offer no apology for presenting him to our readers in all his glory. The proceedings were to be commenced at eleven o'clock in the forenoon, but at that hour there were not twenty delegates present, and it was not until nearly twelve o'clock that the Sachem of the Bellincose Tribe began his harangue. At that time things had a somewhat doleful aspect, for not a single Conservative M.P. had turned up, and chief among those who were present were such everyday fry as Mr. W. W. Goulden, Dr. Royle, Mr. Touchstone, and Mr. Blatherwick. The junior member for Salford eventually made his appearance, and thenceforth the previously drooping spirits of the delegates revived. It was explained (as is attested by the *Courier*) that Mr. Hugh Birley, M.P., president of the association, was unable to be present, for the reason that "in his capacity as a member of the British Commission he was attending His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales at the Paris Exhibition." The cheer which greeted this announcement of Mr. Birley's distinguished occupation was so hearty, that it really seems ungracious to point out that the delegates were cheering a totally inaccurate statement—inaccurate, at any rate, unless Mr. Birley, having solved the difficulties which are usually ascribed to ubiquity, was in Paris and Manchester at the same moment on Saturday. Singularly enough, whilst the conference was actually being held, Mr. Birley was presiding at the formal opening of the new schoolhouse for the Blue Coat boys at the Chetham Hospital, in this city. As to the subject matter of the conference there need be very little said. Mr. Croston, in his usual heavy, sententious style, demonstrated to a T that the Tories are a heaven-born people; that they, and they only, are the salt of the earth; that they have been long delivered "from all blindness of heart, from pride, vain-glory, and hypocrisy, from envy, hatred, and malice, and all uncharitableness." For an hour, at least, Mr. Croston laboured wearisomely through a speech which resembled in a considerable degree one or two delivered by him not long previously, and it seemed to be only by a desperate effort that certain of the delegates remained awake. One of the most notable conclusions at which Sir Oracle arrived was that "he believed all wars were expensive!" And the countenances of sundry delegates were therewith lit up with a gleam of comprehension which would have been quite flattering to a less modest speaker. The adoption of the report followed—a report brimming with the vituperative denunciation of Mr. Gladstone which has become nauseating even to many Conservatives—a report in which the executive committee laid much flatteringunction to their souls—a report containing plenty of phrases but nothing of finance. The only figures used were in the description—tremendously exaggerated—of the Belle Vue demonstration of last Autumn. It was asserted that "over 60,000" persons were present at the demonstration. Less partial estimates have given the attendance at very much nearer a fifth part of that number. Having disposed of the report, the conference got into full swing on the Eastern Question, and poor Mr. Gladstone received a drubbing of the usual kind. Just imagine Mr. W. W. Goulden measuring his foil with the battle-axe of the Cestrian Woodman! A tin teapot on a heaven-kissing hill were nothing in comparison. And yet these were the sort of men—the Gouldens, Royles, Touchstones, and Blatherwicks, upon whom the conference had to depend for the corybantic declamation which is now invariably associated with Tory demonstrations. The Chairman, in opening the hall, set an example which was only too readily followed. Although the hall in which the delegates were met is the private property of the Earl of Derby, the righteous Croston was not deterred from suggesting that his lordship, in withdrawing from the Cabinet, was wanting in courage, the instincts of an Englishman, and a patriotic regard for the welfare of the nation. There are always to be found a considerable number of per-

sons who are better fed than taught, and among them are the vapouring politicians who cast insinuations of incivism and cowardice against the present head of the House of Stanley. To his credit be it said, the junior member for Salford—observing a course he has long followed—did not participate in the crazy outcry against the ex-Premier; in fact, no harsh word fell from him in regard to any of his political opponents. The resolutions which were passed were much more remarkable for quantity than quality, and under some other circumstances would have suggested the dextrous manipulation of a penny-a-liner. In the evening there were "high jinks" in the large hall of the Athenaeum, under circumstances which require some explanation. At the conference, Mr. Walker, M.P., concluded his speech in these terms—"The feeling is prevailing in London, among the Liberals in London, that the large towns in Lancashire are not in favour of the present policy of the Government. I think the meeting you are holding to-night is being held at a fortunate time, and I hope the resolutions which will be laid before the meeting, asking you to support Her Majesty's Government, will be so warmly received that, so far as Bury is concerned, at any rate, you will send forth a contradiction to that opinion." Of course the inference to be drawn from these observations is that the meeting alluded to was of a genuine public nature; indeed, in the conference circular it was described as such, and if confirmation strong as proofs of Holy Writ were required, we need only refer to the summary column of Monday's *Courier*. As a matter of fact the meeting was not representative of the town of Bury. It was not a public meeting in the full sense of the term, for by the invitation offered by the committee it was confined to "Conservatives of Bury and the district." The meeting was presided over by Mr. Harry Oram, a gentleman who has been a good deal mixed up in political life at Bury, and who, after a long series of routs, is credited with the intention of betaking himself to greener and more congenial pastures. Mr. Oram is a master of invective, and in his palmiest days, when the now defunct Red Lion afforded accommodation for the Blues within a hop, skip, and jump of the Parish Church, he was irrepressible. On his right hand sat Mr. Hardcastle, M.P., and the Rev. Canon Hornby; on his left, Colonel Walker, M.P., Mr. H. M. Richardson, and other gentlemen. We have a particular purpose in view in mentioning some of these names, for to those who are acquainted with the political history of Bury the spectacle was a very interesting one, and those who are not so acquainted may be profitably enlightened. Mr. Richardson—alderman and solicitor of that ilk—came forward a few years ago as a claimant for the suffrages of the electors of Bury, and, not being acceptable to the local Tory leaders, he proved himself a rather troublesome customer to deal with. It was only after much manoeuvring that he was constrained to withdraw, but he has on various occasions since favoured the borough with his presence, and it is not improbable that he means business whenever another election occurs. In connection with the suit which Mr. Richardson paid to the people of Bury at the period more particularly referred to, a gentleman who was much concerned in his candidature wrote to the secretary of a local trade association a letter, of which the following is an abstract (certain parts being suppressed by us, they not being necessary to illustrate our remarks):—

"Thanks for your letter of this morning, enclosing slip from the *Lancashire Echo*. I had seen the letter in the *Manchester Courier* on the morning it first appeared. [The letter referred to contained an official denial of Mr. Richardson's acceptance as a candidate by the Conservative Association.] I am told that the 'resident gentleman' referred to is a young Mr. Walker, whose uncle resides at Chesham, but who is personally opposed to his nephew coming out—at all events, has said that he has not any chance. . . . I am told that the vicar (Mr. Hornby), and it may be Mr. Oram and another or two who call themselves the leaders of the Conservative party, will not act at all unless they can have their own way, although they never yet did anything successfully. We must therefore set them, not exactly at defiance, but sideways, if necessary, and rely upon ourselves. I think something ought to appear to the effect that it is well known 'that a very considerable body of the working classes and the whole of the licensed victuallers' influence, or nearly so, are pledged to Mr. Richardson,' and I am quite sure that the writer of the very able article in the *Guardian* [Bury], which you have sent me, could well do it. . . . I should like something said in the *Manchester Courier*, that being the paper in which the offensive letter first appeared. If you can manage to get something of this sort into the *Courier*, please do so."

From this letter it will be seen that there was a time when no love was

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lost between Mr. Richardson and the Rector of Bury and the chairman of the Bury and Elton Conservative Association, and although Colonel Walker has found a seat elsewhere since he and Mr. Richardson were Richmonds in the same field, there are not a few of the select members of the party who are still "fancy free" so far as the last-named gentleman is concerned. Passing from the opening speech of Mr. Oram, whose estimate of Russian diplomacy included such well-selected words as "bullying," "lying," "humbug," and "duplicity," we come to Mr. Hardeastle, who moved a resolution endorsing the action of the Government in calling out the military reserves. The hon. gentleman, with the patronising, self-important, paternal air which distinguishes all his platform utterances, informed his hearers that "nevaw befawh had he had the pleasaaw" of speaking to an audience in Bury on political questions. How on earth have the good people of Bury, who form part of Mr. Hardcastle's constituency, contrived to survive all these years of his absence? The intelligent inhabitants of that town will have no difficulty in giving the answer. Mr. Hardcastle forthwith mounted his hobby, and from his point of view utterly smashed the Gladstonian party. The inspired style in which the hon. gentleman expounds Government policy, and the supercilious way in which he flouts men in comparison with whom, politically and intellectually speaking, he is of the smallest consequence, are really wonderful to behold—"equalled by few and excelled by none." His speech conveyed the idea that the Turks are a much-maligned race; that they are in reality a gentlemanly order of men, and altogether "more shamed against than sinning." Anyhow, he maintained that they are a superior people to the Russians. After what has transpired during the past two years, we cannot condescend to argue this point with a man holding such views, for he is beyond the reach of argument. The Hon. Colonel, the Colonel, and the Major of the 8th L.R.V. addressed the meeting in succession, and shortly afterwards our friend, Mr. Richardson, delivered an oration, rich in the elements of bathos and bunkum. The Bolton Luminary was in full blaze. Was he serious when he spoke of Mr. Hardcastle as "the eminent and distinguished statesman?" The audience were somewhat uncertain, and scarcely knew whether to laugh or cheer. The hon. gentleman himself seemed to take it *au bona side*, and, fixing his sight upon the aldermanic orator, from that point to the end of speech, he wore a face like a benediction. Mr. Richardson disappeared in an outburst of blue fire. He asked them to take courage from that night; pointed out the necessity of the broad-cloth men coming out of their shells oftener, and the absurdity of leaving everything to be done in connection with an election at the last hour. They then, he said, fought "like the devil," but it was then too late. Having "raised the devil," Mr. Richardson subsided to his natural level. A noisy Orangeman from Rossendale—Mr. W. Mitchell—speedily followed, and after apotheosing Lord Beaconsfield, and giving further instructions in demonology by making a comparison between Mr. Lowe and Lucifer, he put the finishing touch to the proceedings by reciting—

"We don't want to fight,
But, by jingo! if we do,
We'll fight like British lions,
And we'll thrash the Russians too."

WIRING IN.

THOSE "amoozin little cusses," the *News* and the *Mail*, vied with each other, as usual, on the First of May, in describing the equine and vehicular exhibitions which are common to this city on that day. The *News* made the important announcement that "undoubtedly horses are this morning the heroes of the day." Why the mares should not have been tagged on as the heroines we don't know. Furthermore, the interesting statement was made that, "from the early call of the earliest milk dealer in the remotest suburb, it was evident that something unusual was in the wind." It would have been much more gratifying to have heard that there was no water in the milk. The *Mail* laboured heavily under an "atmospherical disappointment," this being another way of saying that it—the weather, not the *Mail*—was wet. But the *Mail* did something better still. In a precise and particular description of the procession formed by "the magnificent stud" of Messrs. Thompson, Mc Kay, and Co., it included one three-horse load of wine, from Mr. J. Rigby's. The fact is that it was a three horse-load of wire, and we are sure that Mr. Rigby will thank us for making the correction, in order that he may be saved troublesome inquiries on the part of the excise, and an invasion of "drouthy neebors."

A DOG'S TALE.

[BY OUR OWN DOGGREL-MONGER.]

I AM a man-forsaken dog,
That once a home could boast,
But circumstances now have changed
With my increase of cost.
Oh, do not scout the dog-grel rhyme
Wherein my fate I wail,
But turn on me a kindly look
Whilst I unfold my tale.
I am not vain, nor fancy-bred,
As many may suppose,
Although a settor-up of facts,
And pointer out of woes.
It makes my choler rise to think
I am so costly grown,
That I must now a martyr be
For only half-a-crown!
If men, on wasteful folly bent,
Supplied with cash must be,
Surely they could have raised a tax
Without attacks on me!
I'm not dog-matic in my views—
My bark you can't as-sail;
No carriage can I boast, although
A waggin' is my tail.
I've gambol'd by my mistress' side,
In gaudy dress attired;
And often even I, myself,
To muzzlin' have aspired.
But ah! my master's dog-ged look,
As out poor me he kicks
(Swearing that, though he paid a crown,
He'd not stand seven-and-six),
Is fresh upon my canine mind,
And every thing combines
To weaken my poor spirits, so
I've ta'en to making whines.
'Tis hard to lose a happy home,
And good substantial meat—
For soup or fish, you'll own, is not
A superficial treat.
Now, sunk to meanest dunghill fare,
I make my wretched moan,
That where I used to choose my feast,
I now can't pick a bone.
Though "Bears and Lions growl and fight"
(As Doctor Watts may sing),
To lie-on us the cost to bear
Is quite another thing.
The cruel cat is everywhere
From all taxation free,
And why a cur should mulleted be
Does not occur to me.
And now I fear the end of all,
The bitter end, is nigh—
That I, in goodly kennel born,
Must in the kennel die.
E'en at my birth an adverse fate
Against me straight appears—
They could not lengthen out my days
By cutting short my ears.
But I must go, for yonder comes
My deadliest enemy
(He has to wear a collar, too,
Embellished with "B. 3").
And he a fatal foe has been
To dogs full many a score,
Although his number is B. 3,
I've seen him oft be-fore.
When standing at my master's door,
In times more happy, he
Has oft approached, with looks be-nign,
And then has bea-ten me.
A curish nature he must have,
Most surely worse than mine;
Instead of being marked "B. 3,"
He ought to be "K. 9."

"A LYING SPIRIT."

THE hon. gentleman who not long ago stated that "a lying spirit" was going through the country, hit the mark. This evil spirit distinguishes all the descriptions which it pleases the mad votaries of St. Jingo to give of their demonstrations; and the circulation of these prodigiously magnified accounts appears to have led more than one statesman to conclude that the country, on the whole, is enthusiastically favourable to the impolitic policy of the Beaconsfield Cabinet. Here are a few illustrations. In September last, the Conservative Associations of Lancashire, Yorkshire, Cheshire, and Staffordshire, held a demonstration at Belle Vue Gardens, and, numerically speaking, the affair was something like a failure. The *Manchester Guardian*, which cannot be accused of specially favouring the Gladstonian party, thus described the demonstration:-

"The attendance came far short of the expectations of its promoters. It was confidently assumed that about 10,000 persons would assemble in Albert Square and the streets adjacent, and then walk in processional order to the place of meeting. Instead of 10,000, however, it is estimated there were not more than 4,000 or 5,000. The processionists, on arriving at the gardens, were to have their numbers augmented to the extent of many thousands more, who were to arrive by special and ordinary trains. How far the demonstration was indebted to visitors from the districts it is impossible to say with accuracy; but, excepting a somewhat numerous contingent from Stockport, it did not appear that the numbers were appreciably increased."

From this account it would appear that the demonstrators did not in the aggregate reach 10,000, and we have no hesitation in affirming that that is a very liberal computation. The *Courier*, for an obvious reason, refrained from giving an estimate, and simply wrote of "the thousands," "the assembled thousands." And yet the *Courier* "let the cat out of the bag," for, in describing the three platforms, it said "there was no difficulty, even at the outer limits of the crowd, to hear every word that fell from the different speakers." Any person who is familiar with open-air speaking will see in the foregoing sentence an ample confession of the limited proportions of the assemblage. At the annual conference of the Lancashire Union of Conservative and Constitutional Associations, last Saturday, the report of the committee referred at considerable length to the Belle Vue demonstration—describing it as one of the most effective ever held in the kingdom, and fixing its numerical strength at "over 60,000."

Now for illustration No. 2. On the 30th January last, a "demonstration of Conservative working men" was held in Albert Square, in order to counter-balance the Liberal meeting in the Free Trade Hall. According to the *Guardian*, there were "from 200 to 300 persons gathered round the Albert Monument." The *Courier* said "there was a large number of working men assembled."

Illustration No. 3 relates to the same place. Last Tuesday evening, whilst the chief of orators, John Bright, was presiding over one of the finest meetings ever held in this country, a counter demonstration of Tory working men was held in Albert Square. The *Courier* was kind enough to admit that it was a meeting of working men of its own political colour, but some of the speakers had the effrontery to describe it as a demonstration of "the working men of Manchester." The *Courier*, however, whilst confessing the truth in that respect, rashly ventured to compute the strength of the meeting, and stated that "about 7,000 persons assembled." The *Guardian*, which, so far as the Eastern Question is concerned, could have no cause for underestimating the number, stated that at one time there were from 2,000 to 3,000 persons present." Considered in the sense in which Tory writers and Tory committee-men estimate numbers, we cannot deny that the majority of the people are with them on the Eastern Question; but, viewed from the standpoint of simple truth and unvarnished fact, we say that the "Warmongers and Jingoes" are in a minority.

THE MUSIC HALL PATRIOT.

"ON! on! was still his stern exclaim,
Confront the battery's throats of flame,
Rush on the levelled gun!"
Meanwhile I sit at ease, and cheer
My valiant heart with pipe and beer,
And hail your victories won.

SPRING! GENTLE SPRING!

"SPRING! gentle spring!" the poet writes
In language deemed refined;
It might be gentle if we could
Dispense with eastern wind.

'Tis spring revives man's energy,
And makes his spirits rise;
'Tis spring which manufactures dust
To get into our eyes.

'Tis spring which brings to life again
The sweet and lovely flowers;
'Tis spring which wets a fellow through
With sudden April showers.

'Tis spring which does entice a man
To sow his garden seed;
'Tis spring instructs the thieving birds
To find it out—and feed.

'Tis spring which brings the fashions out,
And robs you of your gold;
'Tis spring's uncertain temperature
Which brings about "a cold."

Upon the year's first quarter
I might for ages sing,
But perhaps I've mentioned quite enough
Regarding gentle spring!

THE QUEEN AND HER STARVING SUBJECTS.

J AM not a republican. I am a loyal subject. I am an Englishman, ready to defend with my life all true British Interests. But I don't like the following, which I found in Monday's *Times* :—"In reply to a memorial to Her Majesty the Queen sent by a number of poor women resident in the Forest of Dean, praying for help in their present distress, the Rev. Thomas Nicholson has been reminded by the Hon. Mr. Howard to whom the petition was referred from the Home Office, that the distress in the Forest of Dean is not greater than in other portions of the kingdom and, therefore, assistance is for the present declined." I don't want to make comments—only to say this: My blood tingled in my veins when I read this paragraph. It tingles now. Men, women, children are starving in Dean Forest—all over the country, in fact—and yet this same Queen Victoria and her Prime Minister Beaconsfield, ignoring their piteous cries for help, look as though they mean war. I dare not trust myself to say more.

TO A CHILD ILL DURING THE SIEGE OF PARIS.

[FROM THE FRENCH OF VICTOR HUGO.]

If you continue thus languid and pale
In our heavy and stifling air,
If I see you thus follow my fatal trail
And descend my sepulchral stair,

If I see that our days are both nearing the close,
I, who cradle your head on my breast,
And who wish you to live though I ask, as God knows,
That myself I may soon be at rest,

If you seem like a soul to whom Heaven yet clings,
If, while silent you lie in your bed,
You tremble and lool like one waiting for wings,
Like a bird whose companions have fled,

If it seems that you cannot take root on this earth,
If you fade, if you wither away,
If life's mystery, Jeune, looks to you nothing worth,
Nor impels you a moment to stay,

If I see you gay, rosy, and happy no more,
If you muse thus with soft discontent,
If, my darling, you shut not behind you the door,
Through which lately you made your advent,

If I see not, my loved one, your beauty unfold,
Like a lily refreshed by the rain,
If you seem like a lamb that looks back to the fold,
Like a soul that is loth to remain.

I shall think that on earth, where the robe for the shroud,
Oft is changed in the course of a day,
That you are an angel sent down through the cloud,
With a mission to lead me away.

WORMALD'S CREAM OINTMENT, FOR ALL AFFECTIONS OF THE SKIN, IS TRULY EFFICACIOUS.
Pots, 18*d.* and 2*s. 9*d.**

JINGO!

[PRIVATE TRANSLATION FOR PERSONAL USE.]

WE don't want to fight—no, by jingo! that we don't; Let other people risk their lives—we'll take good care we wont.

THAT'S THE CHEESE.

MANY publicans, as is well known, provide, free of expense, biscuits and cheese or bread and cheese for their patrons at certain hours. The custom is a national one, at least so far as the large towns are concerned. The *Oldham Chronicle* tells the following good story in connection with this bread-and-cheese custom:—"In that part which is known as the shoddy metropolis, or, still better, as Bottom o' th' Moor, our worthy hosts seem to be vieing with each other who can produce the most dainty and tempting morsel to please the most fastidious palate. Hence the estables produced on these occasions are as various as the houses at which they are to be obtained. At some there are soups, others fowls, ribs of beef, mutton and lamb chops, ham, bacon, potted meats, cheese, &c. At one of these establishments, which is located on the road to Lees, over the door of which hangs a sign the sight of which is calculated to bring to memory a crown of roses, the host is one of those affable, agreeable, kindly disposed individuals, always ready to cater to the wants of his customers. He takes pride in placing upon the table daily, from 11 to 12 o'clock, a.m., some really good old Cheshire cheese. One of his regular patrons at the appointed time is a person well known by the name of Teddy. Now Teddy is a young man who has years ago arrived at the age of maturity; in fact, he has long ago taken to himself a life partner, and become a household man. A few mornings ago, according to his usual custom, he was present at the cheese and bread lunch. His appetite on this occasion seemed to have undergone an unusual amount of sharpening, or the flavour of the cheese was more adapted to his palate, for, after having partaken once, he came a second time, and whilst helping himself he addressed the host in the following familiar style: 'Jim, this's o' bit o' rare good cheese, weer du'st get it at? If thew'll tell me I'll speckalate i' cheese like this for once, ut ony rate.' The host, casting his eye on the enlargement in Teddy's hand, seemed quite elated at the idea of having the privilege to inform him where he could purchase cheese for himself, and directed him as follows: 'When you go down the street and get under the railway arch keep to your left hand, and a few yards farther on you will come to a cheese and bacon shop at right angles with Mumps and Victoria Street; that's Wright's shop, where you will be able to get right good cheese.' 'What dos't eo mon's name, Jim, ut keeps th' shop—Right Angles?' 'Oh, no, no; right angles means a corner shop.' 'Oh, aye, sure, I see neaw; I know th' shop weal enough. I thought right angles wor a queer name, but when I'm going past I'll co in un get some.' After a short time Teddy started off, and on getting opposite the shop he scanned the window for a short time, and then entered, and asked one of the assistants 'if Jim—— didn't buy his cheese there?' 'Yes,' was the quick reply. 'Did he want some of the same sort?' 'Aye.' Cheeses then began to be tumbled about. First one and then another were bored and tested, until some half-dozen had gone under the operation before one was found suitable. 'That's sort,' says Ted. 'You con ent me a quarter o' that.' The man produced a large knife and began to square the cheese, so that he could cut as near as possible a quarter of it. Ted saw what was about to be done, and, suspecting that the man had got a wrong impression as to the quantity he wanted, he leant over the counter, putting his hand to the side of his mouth, so that he could direct his voice to the proper quarter without being heard all over the shop, and in low accents exclaimed, 'It's a quarter-of-a-pound I mean.' The knife dropped from the shopman's hand, he seemed to feel a sudden and peculiar sensation; but in a short time he came to himself again, and the quarter-of-a-pound was supplied. It was a question whether the customer had not taken more weight internally in the testing business than he was carrying out in his hand."

J.P.

CLAMOUR for party, and, whene'er you speak,
Bid Truth and Reason vanish—merely shriek.
In press, in council, or on platform, dread
Not to hurl filth at one whose noble head
Is raised far up above the howling crowd,
Who now pursue him with reviling loud.
Do this—nor let your bitter railing cease,
So shall you strut—a Justice of the Peace.

CAWS OF THE WEEK.

THE *Courier* again, writing on the Tamworth Liberal victory, says:— "Politics were not allowed a place, and through the apathy of the Conservatives, the Political Dissenters, Tichborneites, Atheists, Abolitionists, Anti-Vaccinators, Republicans, and Fenians—all of whom call themselves Liberals—had their own way." We are assured that the writer had not taken too much wine, but was only in a rage.

ONCE you have made a mistake, the best way, the right way, is to admit your error and plead for forgiveness. These, at least, are the sort of sentiments which sway the *Standard*. "We are assured by the police," it said on Tuesday, "that there is no truth in the paragraph which we printed yesterday relative to a robbery from Colonel Forrester's carriage. The report of a robbery of jewellery near Staines, which appeared last week, was also destitute of foundation." Lying spirits would seem to be in the ascendancy just at present.

ACCORDING to a French journal, *Le Pelerin*, Pius IX. has made a very successful *début* in the other world. "On entering into Paradise," it is said, "the late Pope received from the Immaculate Virgin Mary a crown, as a reward for the crown which he had given her on earth. St. Joseph, whom he had made patron of the Church, did not fail to shake hands with him warmly, and to express his thanks. St. Peter, on seeing him, opened the choir at once. Hilarius, Francis of Sales, and Alfonso of Liguori, the three doctors of the Church, proclaimed by him glorified by turns the deeds of his Pontificate. Fifty-two saints and twenty-six beatified ones, who owe him their present positions, entertained him with a sweet concert." Our contemporary omits to state or explain the means by which it received all this important intelligence.

HOW fearfully and wonderfully made are the contents bills of some of our evening contemporaries! For example, one of the lot in London lately issued a bill with the words "Resignation of Lord Salisbury" in tremendous letters. The newsboys had the sense not only to display the bills, but to bawl the fact into the ears of everybody. It was true Lord Salisbury had resigned, but it was only the chairmanship of the Middlesex Quarter Sessions.

THERE is quite a charming indefiniteness about the following advertisement, which is taken from one of the many Agony Columns in the *Courier*:—

TO HOTEL BOOTS AND OTHERS.—LOST, a BLACK PORTMANTEAU, with brass plate on; name "Ferguson, Carlisle;" reward.—SCOTT'S Old England Hotel, Bowness-on-Windermere.

"Ferguson, Carlisle," no doubt, is a capital fellow; but surely his memory might have, or ought to have, served him better. This pathetic general appeal "to hotel boots and others"—to put it mildly—does not sound well.

MR. FREDERICK W. STORER, shipping agent, Cooper Street, belongs to the Jingoes, and, of course, he does not object to pay for the honour. At the City Police Court, on Wednesday, Mr. Storer was charged with having committed a breach of the peace. According to the evidence, the prisoner went to the Free Trade Hall on Tuesday night, and assaulted several gentlemen as they left the meeting at which Mr. Bright presided. He was said to have used abusive language, shouting, "Come on, lads; show your colours, and knock their—heads off." There were, it was said, a great number of blackguards in the street, who appeared to be incited to violent conduct by the prisoner. The prisoner said he was sorry for his conduct. His hat was completely ruined. He admitted that he had had drink. Mr. Headlam said that a man in his position ought to have known better than get drunk, and behave in the manner he appeared to have done. He would be fined £5 and costs, with the alternative of two months' imprisonment. Similar treatment all round might do the Jingoes good.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Articles intended for insertion must be addressed to the Editor of the *City Jackdaw*, 51, Spear Street, Manchester, and must bear the name and address of the sender. We cannot be responsible for the preservation or return of manuscripts sent to us.

TIC-DOLOREUX, TOOTHACHE, &c.—BUSHBY'S NEUROTOMIC gives immediate and lasting relief, is also invaluable in weakness and general debility. 1/4 and 2/9, of chemists.

MATLOCK HOUSE HYDROPATHIC ESTABLISHMENT,

HIGHER ARDWICK, MANCHESTER.—Proprietor, JOHN ALLISON (Late of Smedley's Institution, Matlock). Prospectus of Terms, &c., on application.

MAY 3, 1878.

THE CITY JACKDAW.

5

JOHN H. HODGSON,

251, OXFORD STREET (near Owens College),

Respectfully invites an inspection of his ENTIRELY NEW AND WELL-ASSORTED STOCK OF
GENTLEMEN'S HOSIERY, WHITE & COLOURED SHIRTS, &c.,
LADIES' AND GENTLEMEN'S GLOVES, TIES, AND SILK UMBRELLAS.

N.B.—FUNERALS UNDERTAKEN AND CONDUCTED THROUGHOUT,

Under Personal Superintendence, in the Modern Style, on Economical Terms.

Just Published. Illustrated Wrapper. Price Twopence.

JINGO AND THE BEAR;

OR,

TH' GREAT FEIGHT BETWEEN BEN AT ISAAC'S, alias "OWD DIZZY," AND
ALICK O' NICK'S, alias "TH' YOUNG BEAR."

BY AB-O'TH'-YATE.

ABEL HEYWOOD & SON, 56 AND 58, OLDHAM STREET, MANCHESTER; 4, CATHERINE STREET, STRAND, LONDON.

HEALTH, TONE, AND VIGOUR.

THE LATE



For Strengthening
the Nerves
And Purifying
the Blood.

Highly recommended for the Loss of Nervous and Physical Force; pleasant to the taste, perfectly harmless, and possessing highly reanimating properties. Its influence on the Secretions and Functions is speedily manifested; and in all cases of Debility, Nervousness, Depression, and Premature Exhaustion, resulting from overtaxed or abused energies of body or mind, it will be found an invaluable remedy, restoring health, strength, and vigour. It may be taken with perfect confidence and safety by the most delicate and timid of either sex, being guaranteed totally free from any injurious preparation whatever. It removes pimples, blotches, purifies the blood, gives new life, sound and refreshing sleep, and restores the constitution to health and vigour in a short time.

Sold by most Chemists at 2/9, 4/6, 11/-, and 22/- per Bottle;
or sent on receipt of price by

E. HILTON & CO., 9, Lower Belgrave Street, London.

CAUTION.—See that the words "Sir A. Cooper's Vital Restorative" are now in each bottle, and that our Trade Mark, as above, is on the label, without which it cannot be genuine.

BEWARE OF SPURIOUS IMITATIONS.

WHOLESALE AND EXPORT AGENT,
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And all the Wholesale Houses.

BILLIARDS!—JOHN O'BRIEN, the only practical Billiard Table Manufacturer in Manchester, respectfully invites inspection of his stock of Billiard Tables, which is now the largest and most superb in the kingdom, all made under his own personal inspection. Sole Maker of the Improved Fast Cushion, that will never become hard.—GLOBE BILLIARD WORKS, 42, Lower King Street, Manchester.



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BY ROYAL



LETTERS PATENT.

SMOKY CHIMNEYS.—Our Chimney Tops Never Fail to Cure the most Inveterate Chimneys. We fix them anywhere—"No Cure No Pay"—or send them to all parts for trial or approval.

EATON & CO.,

127, Steel House Lane, Birmingham.

IF your Spectacles are broken take them to the Maker,
N. HARPER, 88, Clarendon Street, Oxford Street, Manchester.

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Made type-high, and cut in bold relief. An exact reproduction of any Signature guaranteed. Sent post free for 3d stamps.—Address, J. F. NASH, 8, Goldsmith Street, Gough Square, London, E.C.

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The Annual will be printed on good paper, will consist of 80 demy 8vo. pages, bound in a characteristic wrapper, and will contain a selection of original seasonable tales, sketches, poems, and illustrations, embracing a Sea-side story by the Editor (Ben Brierley), "A Peep at Scarborough" — "A Dip at Blackpool" — "At Aberystwith" — "Bathing" — "The Dead Donkey: a legend of Southport Sands" — "Wild Philomena" — "A Canadian Love Story" — "Puffing Billy" — "Gooseberry Pie" — "An Every-day Hero" — "The Sea-side" — "A Terrible Tale" — "Seaville Bill," &c., &c. Contributed by a numerous staff.

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SPECIAL NOTICE TO HOTEL PROPRIETORS.

Short Hotel advertisements, one-eighth of a page each, will be taken at the low rate of Two Shillings and Sixpence each, PREPAID. This does not include a copy of the Annual, for which an extra Sixpence must be sent.

"BEN BRIERLEY'S JOURNAL" OFFICE, 56 AND 58, OLDHAM STREET,
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These famous Pills purify the Blood, and act most powerfully, yet soothingly, on the LIVER, STOMACH, KIDNEYS, and BOWELS, giving tone, energy, and vigour to these great Main Springs of Life. They are confidently recommended as a never failing remedy in all cases where the constitution, from whatever cause, has become impaired or weakened. They are wonderfully efficacious in all ailments incidental to Females of all ages; and as a GENERAL FAMILY MEDICINE, are unsurpassed.

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Remove Freckles and Pimples, and are unequalled for Beautifying and Refreshing the Skin. They never fail to restore youthful colour and impart new life.

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IS NOW REMOVEDFrom Long Millgate, Strangeways, and Stocks House,
Cheetham, to other extensive premises,**17, Preston Street, Hulme,**

Top of Trafford Street, Stretford Road.

N.B.—The Alexandra Park and Brooks's Bar buses pass
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BRIDGE, BOTTOM OF DEANSGATE.Coffins and Shrubs, ready made, from the lowest price
to the very best quality, including the strong patent oak,
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BUTLER'S**ROSEMARY HAIR CLEANER**

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